

A Question of Honor.

(Copyright, 1908, by T. C. McClure.)
Sergeant Brady and his squad of men had been out from Fort Thomas for four days, cutting and placing telegraph poles, when they were fired on by the Sioux. There was a treaty of peace between the white man and the red, but it had been felt for three months past that the latter were getting ready to break it. The sergeant had gone out without instructions what to do in case he was attacked. When he found that he was menaced he did what a veteran captain would have done. He called in his men, scattered for two miles along the line, and threw up defenses and prepared to stand off the Indians until a courier could get through to the fort and return with instructions.

Unfortunately for Sergeant Brady, the regimental adjutant "had it in" for the grizzled old veteran, who had put in twenty years on the frontier and knew all the tricks of the red men. Three or four things had occurred to prove that the adjutant was after the sergeant's stripes, and for weeks the latter had walked the chalk line to defeat the former's plans. When the courier dodged the gathering warriors and reached the fort and reported the commandant was for directing the squad to come in at once, but it was the adjutant who said:

"Sergeant Brady simply reports seeing signs and being fired on. It is some of the young bucks giving him a scare. He's got rattled over nothing. We have no reports of outbreaks."

"He has shown his bravery a score of times, but perhaps he has made too much of this occasion," mused the commandant. "I will order him to hold his position for three days and then report again. I will also caution him not to provoke hostilities."

It was a little squeak for the courier to return to the little commandant. The Indians were creeping up on all sides and boasting that there should be a wipe-out. Already there had come a demand for surrender, and hostile bullets had come singing over the defenses. The sergeant read his orders and then assembled his men, read them aloud and said:

"It's the hand of the adjutant, me boys, and it makes no difference to him that the rest of you have got to go down with me. It's rattled I am, is it, after being at the front in a score of skirmishes with the red devils? We are not to provoke hostilities with 200 copper faced heathen waiting for our scalps!"

Seventy or eighty Indians who had crept as near as they could find cover rose up at a signal and rushed the breastwork of brush and limbs and boulders. The seven concentrated their fire on the rush and broke it. Twenty redskins lay dead when the living retreated.

"Take a long breath and do a little smiling, me boys," said the sergeant as he turned over and sat up. "That's a thing we might brag about at the post if any of us were to get there. We are going to get value received, but don't forget what the end is to be. If there were twenty of us and we had two guns apiece it would still be the same. Rafterly, what place in the old country is responsible for that mug of yours?"

"The city of Dublin, as far as I can remember," was the reply.

"I've been there myself and can't say too much in honor of the town. If you're an old mother back there you might do a bit of praying before our friends make another move. O'Grady, did you bring that red hair of yours all the way across the big water?"

"Indeed, sarge, but I did. It was colored for me in the county of Tipperary."

"The Indian who gets your scalp lock will be mighty proud of the same. O'Meara, are you back there in New York city?"

"That's what I am, Sergeant Brady. I'm thinking how much more decent it would have been of me to catch the mailbox and die within sound of her walling."

"Well, laugh and smile over it just the same. McGraw, I'm thinking I see a witness about your eyes. Have you been rubbing at them with some fine cut tobacco?"

"Not at all, sarge, but curse the man who held us here to be wiped out!"

"It don't need no vote to see that we all think alike on that, but it's no time for tears. We've been put on our honor, and we are going to die with smiles on our faces. Whist, but they have bullets to spare around us!"

"The Indians had completely encircled the little band, and for half an hour they poured in such a rain of bullets that every spot within the defenses was searched. Rafterly and O'Grady were killed and Sullivan and O'Meara desperately wounded before it ceased."

"Four from seven leaves three," said the sergeant as he rose to his knees and looked around. "The next move is to die smiling, me boys. They'll come with whoops and yells and be over the breastwork in a jiffy. Down we'll go under the crash, but some day the boys back at the post will learn that we did our best. Get ready—they're coming!"

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"Dead—all of them!" said a captain as he looked over the defenses two days later. "Who was it that called it a false alarm? Who said that Sergeant Brady was losing his nerve?"

"See there, sir!" said one of the men as he pointed to the sergeant.

And all saw that the battle-scarred old veteran had died with a smile on his face!

—M. QUAD.

A Freezing Rebuke.
The Farmer (at quick lunch counter)—Say, lady, this here pie was made by machinery, wasn't it?
The Waitress (witheringly)—You didn't expect custom made pie for five a throw, did you?—Puck.

AGREEABLY SURPRISED

Five Minutes Later All Indigestion is Gone

CURES STOMACH MISERY

Enjoy Your Meals Without Fear of Dyspepsia or an Upset Stomach—What You Eat Will Digest and Not Left to Ferment.

Why not start now—today, and for ever rid yourself of stomach trouble and indigestion? A dieted stomach gets the blues and grumbles. Give it a good rest, then take Pape's Diapiesin to start the digestive juices working. There will be no dyspepsia or belching of gas or cructuations of undigested food; no feeling like a lump of lead in the stomach or heartburn, sick headache and dizziness, and your food will not ferment and poison your breath with nauseous odors.

Pape's Diapiesin costs only 50 cents for a large case at any drug store here, and will relieve the most obstinate case of indigestion and upset stomach in five minutes.

There is nothing else better to take gas from stomach and cleanse the stomach and intestines, and besides, one triangle will digest and prepare for assimilation into the blood all your food the same as a sound, healthy stomach would do it.

When Diapiesin works, your stomach rests—gets itself in order, cleans up—and then you feel like eating when you come to the table, and what you eat will do you good.

Absolute relief from all stomach misery is waiting for you as soon as you decide to begin taking Diapiesin. Tell your druggist that you want Pape's Diapiesin, because you want to be thoroughly cured of indigestion.

WOMAN'S SECRET SETS INNOCENT CONVICT FREE

Revealed in Confidence After Twenty Years, Governor Cummins Pardons Weems.

Des Moines Nov. 23.—George Weems, probably the most famous "lifer" in the Iowa penitentiary, at Fort Madison, was yesterday released after twenty years behind the bars, on the charge of murder, upon a pardon granted by Governor A. B. Cummins. The state board of parole recommended that Weems' sentence be cut down to thirty-two years, which would give him two years yet to serve. But upon investigation of Weems' remarkable case, Gov. Cummins cut off the added two years and Weems is free.

While the governor in his report upon the pardon states that he took the action because Weems' father is an old man and has been robbed of the support and care which his son should give him in his declining years, the real reason is that Governor Cummins doubted the man's guilt when presented with the inner story of the extraordinary case.

Weems was sent up for life for shooting railway conductor Ridpath, the motive presumably being robbery. But in Davenport lives a woman who knows that Weems was not guilty, because on that fatal night, the accused man was in her company. Now that woman is married, and is the mother of a son. It is the truth about Weems her son would learn of her past, and rather than that she has remained a silent inmate during all these years, permitting an innocent man to remain a convict.

This woman's story was learned by attorney J. A. Dyer, attorney for Weems. Dyer secured from her an affidavit upon condition that her name be not divulged. This affidavit was presented to the board of parole in confidence, and later to the governor. So strong was the impression made that the governor Saturday freed Weems. The name of the woman is still kept secret and will be preserved inviolate, the governor has said.

A feature of Weems' release is that the widow of conductor Ridpath, now married again, signed the petition for a pardon. She declared that if Weems would sign the pledge, agree to support his aged father, and become an upright citizen, she would do all she could to aid him.

EVELY MAKES UP WITH HARRY.

Thaws Are Reunited in Matricawan Asylum.

Fishkill Landing, N. Y., Nov. 23.—A visit which Mrs. Evelyn Nesbit, Thaw paid to her husband in Matricawan state hospital for the criminal insane Saturday, gives rise to the belief, widely expressed here, that a reconciliation has been effected between the couple. Indications are not wanting either that Mrs. William Thaw, Harry Thaw's mother, is a party to the understanding, if one has indeed been arrived at.

The visits of Mrs. Thaw, the younger, to her husband have been rare and it is months since she has seen him at all.

The elder Mrs. Thaw has been domiciled here for the past two weeks. Ever since her arrival here she has made a daily visit to her son at 3 o'clock each afternoon.

HAYTIAN PORT BLOCKADE.

Revolutionary Movement Expected to Be Squelched Easily.

Port au Prince, Nov. 23.—Official notification was issued at Port au Prince, Hayti, Saturday of the blockade of the port of Aux Cayes, the only town in the republic in a state of rebellion. All other places in the south have remained loyal to President Nord Alexis, and it is generally believed that the revolutionary movement will be put down easily. Troops under command of General Celestin Oryzique, minister of war, and General Leonie, minister of the interior, have surrounded Aux Cayes, where General Antoine Simon, who has been declared a rebel, is directing the movement against the government.

SOME KITCHENS STARTS DIVORCES

Responsible Woman Says, for Ninth-tenths of All the Domestic Deviltry.

Chicago, Nov. 23.—Entirely out of the rut are the features planned for the joint convention of the National Commercial Gas association and the American Gas institute, which will be held in conjunction with the Gas Appliance Exposition in the First Regiment Armory, Chicago, Dec. 7 to 12.

The first one to be exploited will be in the launching of the Kitchen Reform society, which Mrs. Helen Armstrong, the famous club woman, lecturer and culinary authority, plans to construct as a discouragement to the divorce court. Mrs. Armstrong believes that the kitchen is not only the most important room in the house, but that it is also the place where nine-tenths of domestic deviltry has its conception.

By propagating the philosophy of correct kitchens she believes that a huge portion of domestic difficulty can be forestalled. Some of Chicago's most prominent women, including Mrs. Potter Palmer, are behind the movement.

Mrs. Armstrong will hold what will be called a "bride's day" at the convention, when she will entertain the "newly-weds" and explain her theories on the subject of marital difficulties.

Theories Versus Common Sense in Domestic Existence is the subject of a paper which she will read to brides in the hope that they will absorb enough of her spirit of what man wants from the kitchen to keep their homes free from indigestion and the resultant strife.

The bedrooms of famous persons who have lived during the last eight centuries will be reproduced, and their lighting schemes shown, a strong contrast being drawn between the amount of light used in the past and that used now.

TO WORK ONLY FIVE DAYS.

Notice Posted in the Webb Pink Granite Quarry, Milford.

Milford, Nov. 23.—Notices have been posted at the Webb pink granite quarry for five days' work weekly from Oct. 1 to April 1. Recently the firm and the representative of a union employed there failed to agree on the time of closing at noon, the former wanting the work to run to 12:30, and some of the union committee desiring it to end at 12. The total of hours of work per week was the same, being fixed by the bill to prices agreed on last spring. The difference applied mainly to Saturday afternoon.

This notice of cessation of work on Saturdays is believed to be due to the disagreement.

SAW DEAD MONARCHS OF CHINA.

Diplomatic Corps Assists at Weird Scene in Forbidden City.

Peking, Nov. 23.—The ceremony at the imperial palace Saturday morning when the diplomatic corps presented the condolences upon the death of the emperor and the dowager empress was one of the most impressive ever witnessed in Peking. It was attended by a degree of solemnity and pomp that will long be remembered by every foreigner in the capital who had the good fortune to be present.

A noticeable feature was the presence of every member of the imperial clan, as well as many officials who have lately been reported dead or eliminated from the conduct of affairs of state. This was the answer of the government to the rumors of suicides and deaths in Peking for the past week.

Full of Her Subject.

Member of the W. C. T. U.—Did you write this notice of my lecture on the Demon Rum?

Editor—Yes, madam.
"Then I would like to know what you mean by saying, 'the lecturer was evidently full of her subject'?"—Judge.

A FAMOUS BEAUTY SPECIALIST

Gives Advice to Women Lacking in Energy and Vitality.

Thousands of women are using toilet preparations unsuccessfully. Cosmetics fail to improve their thick, muddy complexion; they banish the pimples, blackheads and crows' feet.

No wonder. Their trouble lies far deeper than the skin. They have had blood, and had blood in 90 per cent. of the cases arises from inflammation of the mucous membrane. Their blood is filled with poisons which is certain to break out in unsightly eruptions.

clothes—while pale, drawn faces, deep circles, eyes, stooping shoulders and weak backs complete the story of suffering and despair.

Inflammation of the mucous membrane is catarrh. Bantish catarrh and complexions will clear as if by magic, pain vanishes, eyes will brighten, faces become plump and shoulders erect. Perfect beauty goes only with perfect health, and perfect health for women can only be obtained through Reaxal Muc-Tone, the one positive and permanent cure for catarrh.

Mrs. Mary Swift, 44 W. 20th street, New York City, the most famous beauty specialist in the world and an accepted authority on all relating thereto, has this to say of Muc-Tone:

"I can strongly endorse the claims made for Reaxal Muc-Tone as a cure for systemic catarrh. Its tonic effects are remarkable. It builds up the strength and restores vitality. If women who are tired and run down, lacking in energy and vitality, will use Muc-Tone, they will praise it as I do for its strengthening and healing qualities."

Reaxal Muc-Tone works through the blood, and acting directly upon the mucous membrane, the congestion and inflammation of which are the sole cause of catarrh—causes them to expel the poison and to resume their natural functions. Thus the membranes are cleansed—the blood purified and revitalized.

We know that Reaxal Muc-Tone will cure every form of catarrh, no matter where located, of how long standing, and by what other names it is known. We guarantee to refund your money if you are not satisfied with the vigorous health and clear complexion it brings you.

Sold only at our store. Price 50 cents and \$1.00 per bottle. Mail orders filled. Ricker & Wells, The Red Cross Pharmacy, Milford, Conn.

THE CZAR IN HIS CAPITAL

He Walks St. Petersburg's Streets

FUNERAL OF GRAND DUKE

No Terrorist Demonstration Disturbs the Occasion—The Thoroughfares Were Lined.

St. Petersburg, Nov. 23.—The body of Grand Duke Alexis, an uncle of the emperor of Russia, who died recently in Paris, was buried Saturday in the new mausoleum of the Romanoffs which the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul at St. Petersburg, and Nicholas, the Russian emperor, followed the coffin on foot through the crowded and silent streets of his capital. The czar walked from the railway station to the fortress, a distance of three miles. In spite of the apprehensions for the safety of the emperor, there was no untoward incident. The czar was accompanied by a suite of 13 grand dukes and 100 generals and admirals. The two empresses and a number of the grand duchesses met the body at the railway station, where it arrived from Paris, and followed in carriages behind the other members. The police and military authorities had taken extreme precautions to prevent any terrorist attempt.

The route of march was lined for the entire distance on either side by a living wall of troops and horses, two deep. As a precautionary measure the spectators were kept always at least 20 feet behind the troops.

There was a general desire to get a glimpse of the emperor, who has hardly been seen by the residents of St. Petersburg for 10 years. There were no demonstrations and it was rarely that any hostile remarks were heard. The funeral train from the frontier arrived punctually on time. The streets were white with snow, and along the line of march they were strewn with green twigs, emblematic of the resurrection. The guns of the fortress were fired in salute as the procession crossed the frozen Neva.

The men and women of the court, together with the members of the diplomatic corps, including John W. Riddle, the American ambassador, had assembled in the cathedral within the fortress. The services there were conducted in the presence of the highest representatives of the church and the state. After the service the emperor and the members of the imperial family advanced and kissed the forehead of Alexis. The coffin was then carried to the imperial mausoleum, where, after a second brief service, it was placed beneath a marble sarcophagus.

THE INTEREST RATE.

And Its Relation to Hoarding Discussed.

The Vermont legislature has had under consideration suggestions from the savings banks relating to changes in the laws affecting those institutions. There is much complaint of the state tax on savings deposits, and an effort is being made to have this lowered. The president of the Capital City Savings Bank and Trust company of Montpelier, T. J. Devitt, writes to the chairman of the joint legislative committee on banks:

"Consider if the state has not such a duty in maintaining the credit of the state at 4 per cent. as to warrant cutting down or cutting off the state tax. The average deposit in the Vermont savings banks is about \$400, affording an income at 4 per cent. of \$16 a year; and the state tax is \$2.50. By reducing the tax one-half to seven-twentieths, probably every bank in the state could continue to pay 4 per cent. to its depositors."

That is to say, the state tax on savings deposits is now seven-tenths of 1 per cent., which is pretty heavy when viewed from the Massachusetts standpoint. Our savings deposits are taxed only one-half of 1 per cent., and this is subject to deduction, which brings it down to only about three-tenths of 1 per cent. Hence, if the Vermont legislature should reduce the tax there by one-half, as suggested, it would still be higher than the Massachusetts tax on savings deposits, actually levied.

In addressing the committee on the subject, Mr. Devitt made the following statement: "Interest rates to hoarding and deposits, you don't suppose you can run a railroad in accordance with the statutes of the state of New York, do you?"

Sonnets on a Burning Issue.

This is the time of year I leave my bed
At 4 o'clock or thereabouts and go
Down to the basement where the fire
is low.
If I am lucky. If I'm not, it's dead.
I savor the furnace grate until some
red
Cinders fall through the bars, and then
I throw
In coal, which may augment the sullen
glow.
But probably will put it out instead.
I open at the door and let the gas
Pass off and give an outlet to the
smoke.
It may pass off, but commonly alas!
It will not, so we stifle and we choke.
Then I find clinkers in a clogging mass.
This furnace tending isn't any joke.

Oh, cure of man!—householding man.

My rest
Is broken and I'm filled with deep
dust.
And covered over with ashes and with
dust.
This is the chore, the one I most detest.
I stay awake to ponder what is best.
To use hard, soft, or coke. For each
I must
Pay heavy tribute to the soulless
trust.
Nay, this is serious. I do not jest.
Why isn't it an issue—coal? Why not
Have cheap coal candidates and not
repeat.
Rehash old platforms with their rapid
voters' chest?
I wouldn't care if I could get it hot,
But, darn it all, there's not a bit of
heat.

The Best Cough Cure.

A half-ounce of Virgin Oil of Pine, two ounces of glycerine and a half pint of whisky mixed, will cure any cough that is curable and break a cold in 24 hours. Take a teaspoonful every three hours. Ask your druggist for the genuine Leach's Virgin Oil of Pine compound, pure, prepared and guaranteed by the Leach Chemical Co., Cincinnati, O.

Plants of Prey.

Most land animals feed upon plants and most plants feed upon the soil and the air. But there are a few plants which reverse the order of nature and feed upon animals, at least to a certain extent. They may fairly be called plants of prey, for though they do not swoop like eagles or pounce like tigers,

MAGAZINE REVIEW.

The Miracle of Genius.

Mr. F. P. Dunne, the creator of "Mr. Dooley," is one of the editors of the "American Magazine." While he was away on a vacation recently he sent in an unusually good "Dooley" article on "Up-lifting the Farmer," for the November American Magazine. In his absence his associate got up the following note and published it along with his article:

"This article was sent to the office by Mr. Dunne when he was away on his vacation. One of the staff seized upon it, and, after reading it, rushed in to his fellows joyously quoting Lord Macaulay's saying that the highest miracle of genius is to make the workings of one mind become the personal recollections of another."

"Although Mr. Dunne is our friend and associate, we make bold, in his absence, to apply this wonderful phrase (the miracle of genius) to this piece of writing. It seems to us that never, at least in our time, has the philosophy of happiness and unhappiness been so perfectly stated. As always with Mr. Dunne, humor is a mere dress for truth."

Vanderbilt the Railroad Czar.

Commodore Vanderbilt at the age of eighty was the greatest railroad autocrat this country has known. Nowadays railroad ownership is a complicated affair; Vanderbilt made it a one-man affair. In an article in the November McClure's, Burton J. Hendrick says:

"He managed his properties, spent many millions in their reconstruction, and manipulated their securities with absolute independence of all minority stockholders. That the public had any legitimate concern with his railroads would have struck the commodore as absurd. Once, upon the witness stand, he repeatedly replied, 'None of your business,' to a regularly authorized inquirer who was attempting to get first-hand information concerning the Central's affairs. Before he obtained control of the Central, its official reports were fairly complete; afterwards, they did not furnish the most rudimentary information. He had the utmost contempt for the law and its representatives. 'Law!' he once roared, 'what do I care about the law? Hain't I got the power?' Once observing that a Central director had not voted for certain propositions which had been under consideration, he asked the reason why. 'Don't you know, commodore,' his friend replied, 'that each and every one of those transactions is absolutely forbidden by the statutes of the state of New York?' 'My God, John,' said Vanderbilt, 'you don't suppose you can run a railroad in accordance with the statutes of the state of New York, do you?'"

Real Roses in Gold.

Roses in a factory! Real roses, mind you, pink and soft and delicately petaled, roses sending out their exquisite garden fragrance among the odors of oil and leather and acid, roses with drops of dew jeweling their half-unopened leaves. Killarney and American Beauties and Maréchal Niel standing in jar after jar among belts and tool-benches and electro-chemical baths, real roses for the basic material which this curious factory converts into metal rose-bud hatpins for Millady to pin her fluffy tulle hat securely on her pretty head.

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Soda Crackers that crackle as good Soda Crackers should

Uneda Biscuit

With meals—for meals—between meals

5¢ In dust tight, moisture proof packages. Never sold in bulk.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

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